

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



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THE
DEATH AND BURIAL
OF
COCK ROBIN.



Who killed Cock Robin?

I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
And I killed Cock Robin.

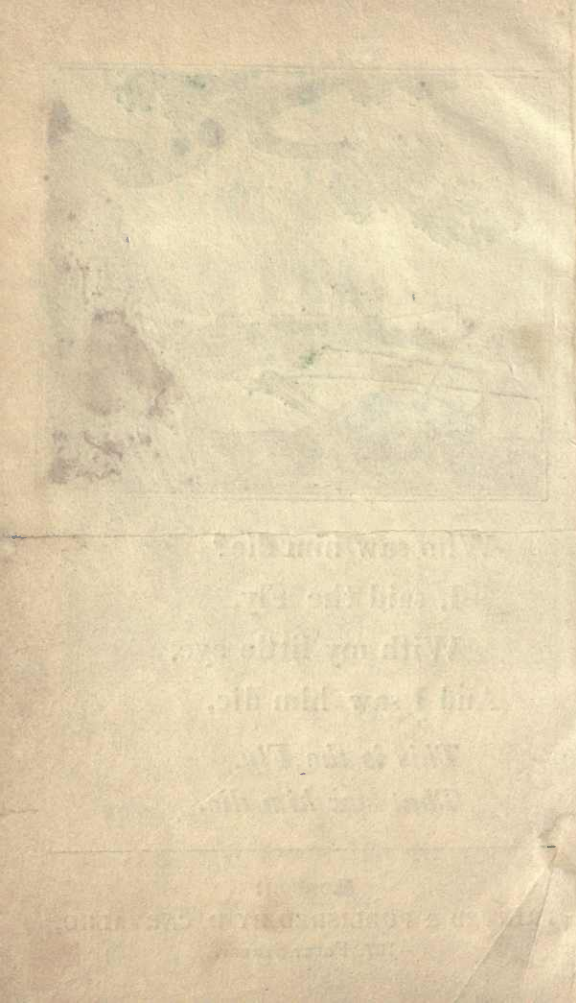
*This is the Sparrow,
With his bow and arrow.*

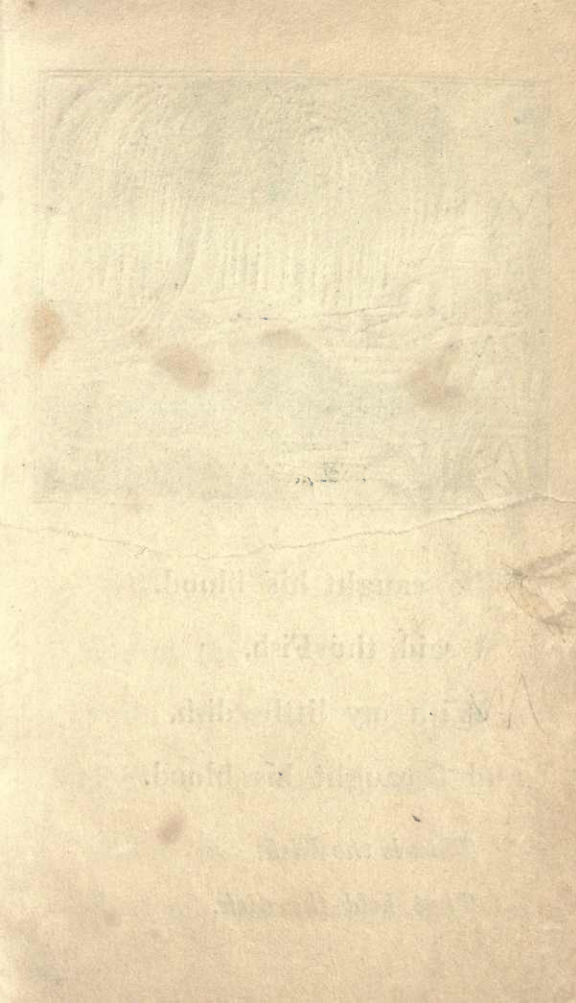


Who saw him die?
I, said the Fly,
With my little eye,
And I saw him die.

*This is the Fly,
That saw him die.*

London:
PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY D. CARVALHO,
167, FLEET STREET.

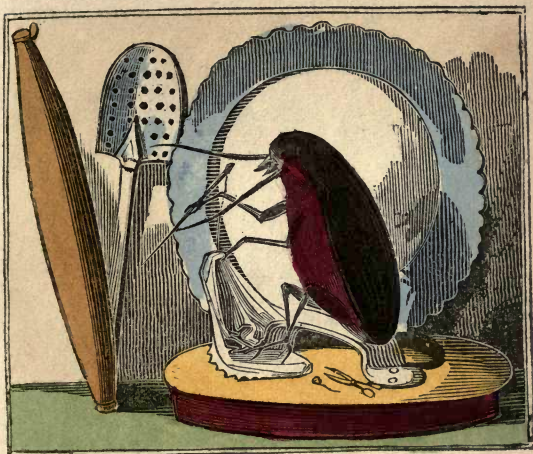






Who caught his blood.
I said the Fish,
With my little dish,
And I caught his blood.

*This is the Fish,
That held the dish.*



Who'll make his shroud?

I, said the Beetle,

With my thread and needle,

And I'll make the shroud.

This is the Beetle,

With his thread and needle.

When I made a
 I said the
 It is not that
 And I think the
 This is the
 The



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Who'll dig his grave?

I, says the Owl,

With my spade and shovel,
And I'll dig his grave.

This is the Owl so brave,

That dug Cock Robin's grave.



Who'll be the parson?

I, says the Rook,

With my little book,

And I'll be the parson.

Behold Parson Rook,

Who is reading his book.



What is the reason
I say the book
It is not the book
And I will be the same
I am not the same
It is not the same



Who'll be the clerk?

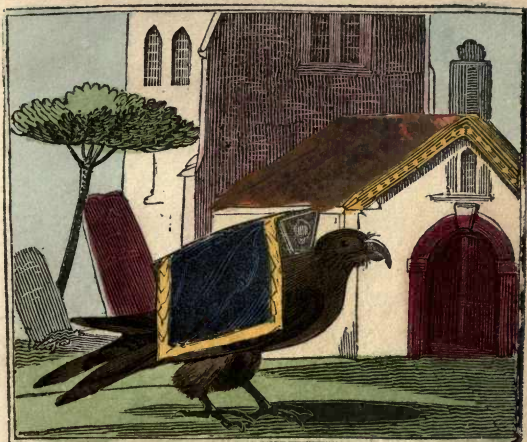
I, said the Lark,

If it's not in the dark,

And I'll be the clerk.

Behold the pretty Lark,

Says Amen like a clerk.



Who'll carry him to the grave?

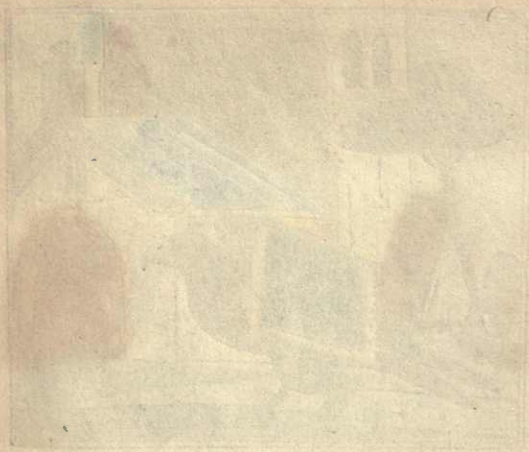
I, says the Kite,

If its not in the night,

And I'll carry him to the grave.

Behold the noble Kite,

How he takes his flight.



It is a very fine and interesting
I saw the first of the
It is not the first of the
And I'll never see it again
I'll never see it again
I'll never see it again



When I hear the faint
I see the faint
I see it in a faint
When I hear the faint
I see the faint with a faint
I see it in a faint



Who'll bear the link?

I, says the Linnet,

I'll fetch it in a minute,

And I'll bear the link.

Behold the Linnet with a light,

Although it is not night.



Who'll be chief mourner?

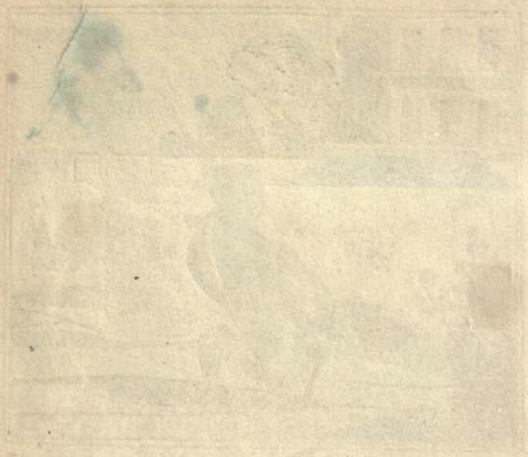
I, says the Dove,

I'll mourn for my love,

And I'll be the chief mourner.

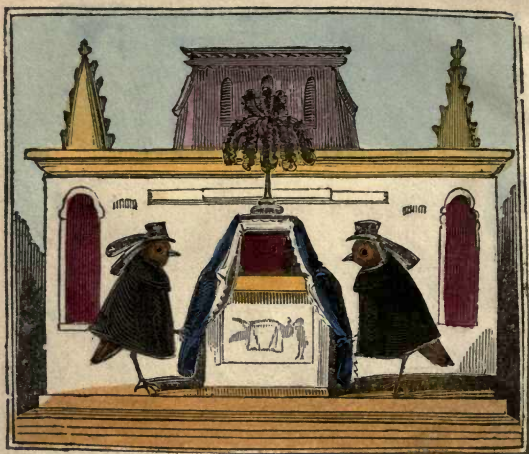
This is the pretty Dove,

Mourning for her love.



And I'll be the chief mourner
I'll mourn for my love
And I'll be the chief mourner
I'll mourn for my love
And I'll be the chief mourner
I'll mourn for my love
And I'll be the chief mourner
I'll mourn for my love





Who'll bear the pall?

Then said the Wren,

Both the Cock and the Hen,

We'll bear the pall.

These are the Wrens so small,

That bore Cock Robin's pall.



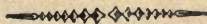
Who'll toll the bell?

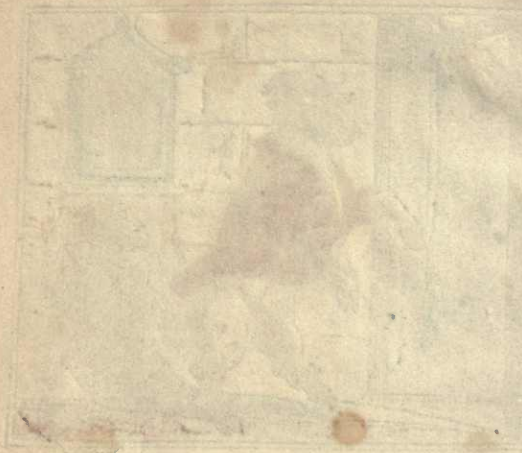
I, said the Bull,

Because I can pull,

And so Cock Robin farewell.

*All other Birds fell a sobbing,
To hear the bell toll for Cock
Robin.*





Who'll tell the bell?

I said the bell.

Because I can tell.

And so Cook told the bell.

All other birds, it is told.

To hear the bell, tell the bell.

John

